



THE MINTE of deformities.



Imprinted at London for William
Jones dwelling neere Holburne Conduit at
the Signe of the Gunne,
1600.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

1950
1951
1952
1953



To the gentle Perusers of my
vnpolisht Primitia,

THe neuer viewing warehouse of conceipt,
like (ould Silenus asse) would faine repeate,
Vnto the open world, darke ignorance,
making it glowe with harsh intellegence,
You shall not surfet on the guilded crummes,
which with vncapable conceits begunne,
Making the world beleene their high pitcht vains,
renowned eloquence admired straine,
With sounding tearmes to cracke the open vault,
of vnconceiu'd labors, and to walke,
The statly round of ail sought loftinesse,
daming fayre entrance to each common meaneſſe,
This doe I hate, all men may me conceiue,
I seeke to please, and not your wits bereaue.



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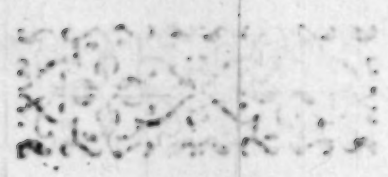
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1961

The Minte of deformities.

No *Thrasion* harpe, but a steeld furious whippe,
no Nightingales, but *Mandrakes* shrieking sound,
Adastors snakes to make these *Thrasors* skippe:
whose cages, vultures, limewands, to confound:
the recking limits of an vnstayd head,
with aspissh toyes to bring greene wits to bed.

Oh I am mad to see the chopping stile,
and cheating flauerics of these mustie dayes,
The woordes of arte (yet artlesse which beguile)
deepe diuing vnthrifs of their honest prayes,
yet not their owne, for one short yeere wil boord
what their progenitors did sortie hoord,

Vertues-decayed-world is out of vse,
and honest trading mindes are cleane extinct,
Downe goes all vertuous meanes, set vp a stuife:
a broking brothell is delicious drinke:
a broker (quoth you) oh tis an honest trade,
twill be defended who so ere gayne sayd:

Grose swallowing termes disdayne a brokers name;
which doth support base drudging vnderlings,
Whose silken robes varnish their bastard shame:
and foggie clowning-birth-enamillings: (bright,
whose starling-twelve-pence makes the shine as
as *Cynthias* beames in a storme-wintrine night.
Whose



The Minte of deformities:

Whose maistring termes lies in their sattan ragges,
a purchast shift will make them gentlemen,
Though not a peny in their woo ships bagges,
yet are they noblier borne then better men:
their suits will guild their gentrie, and ther rather,
the diuell is become their godfather.

I knewe a Piper in a silken coate,
so fatte inamord of his peacockes plumbes,
That needes his paynted picture must asloate,
or els his gentle minde with grieve consumes:
who drewe it but his father? he fond man,
to name his father, hees a gentleman.

I woonder (*Orpheus*) thou didst neere commence?
thou couldst haue plaid toure organs roundelaies,
And yet thou neuer hadst preheminence?
though thou surpassedst in astonish brayes,
Now by the Trenitie twas not well done,
to make a gentleman a paynters sonne.

But who more proud then beggers mounted he,
Whose three yeeres gentry from a brokers shoppe,
Will proue his stenching-silke stampt pedigree,
from *C. sol. say. vt.* or an organs stoppe.
beware, beware, the knauish beadle waytes,
to beare you to the consistorie states.

A



The Minte of deformities.

A Taylers sheares clips of this brokers shape,
a perfumd-crosselegd-rare-artificiall,
Whose gentrie's paynted in a womans cape,
a gentleman: why its common vn o all,
he takes part with thē both, therfor't must follow
he hath a broking vayne, a singing swallow.

If any enniuous disallowing tongue,
seeke to depresse this auncient customd vse,
Which with the downfalne *Adam* first begun,
I craue the single combate for his abuse,
our armes shal soone decide that doubt, & then
Taylors I hope are no meane gentlemen.

In azure rampant sticks a payre of sheares,
our coate (out of a thousand) on e weele sorte,
A spanish needle pendant, and that beares
our crest, which is our ornamentall port:
a bodkin iacent with a lowse doth hould,
makes our impression in honors mould.

Our tongues we shape not to each common crie,
we keepe our residence, stirre at no call:
We vse now what do you lackes, what ift you buy?
but sit securely on our shopboord stall:
nobles attend vs for our iudgements, then
who will denie vs to be gentlemen.

Become



The Minte of deformities.

Become our hartold (gentle mayster scribe)
enormous pens we hate, and rustie boasts,
Blase our antiquitie? and for a bribe
feare not: weelee see you to the vitermost,
here take this veluct remnant what you neede,
our vnderboording box supplies with speede.

Our perfumes smell not like the flauering crewe,
of middy take paynes, or such vnfanory sway,
Our garments vndisfigured and new:
Vnlike *December* flourishing as *M.y.*
our hamering heads tir'd with inuention,
scorne base vpbrayding reprehension.

A codpcece breech cleane out of fashion,
a swim-swand flapping-lagging ore the knee,
A cost-deuised-admiration.
Is vsed of all: oh spightfull forgerie.
when God sayre fashion'd partes, vnfashioning,
they both deforme those gracious parts, & him.

O that young heads should haue such slender wit,
to yeeld their humors to these odious baites,
Their carelesse moodes wayes noughr, but more fit
and new stampd fashions their vndoing waies,
what strange deforms lurkes in these motions,
must needes be stamped in their fashions.

Vnfit



The Minte of deformities.

Vnfit conceipts shipt from the *Persians*,
all christians hating *Pagan* fantasies,
Remote attires of the *Grasians*,
are enterteynd as solemne ceremonies,
Persians, Turckes, Grasians, all fashions I belecue,
are safe compiled in one English sleeue.

Let one attire creepe in our heads to day,
to morrow twill be common, odious,
It must be single or it beares no swaye,
if two possesse it, oh tis scrupulous,
some strange-imaginarie shape alone,
must fit my humor, or I will haue none.

To day like a *French* garboile, round and flat,
to morrow like a *Spaniard*, naught but britch,
Then in the strange *Italian* native plat,
then in the whotte *Barbarians* swelting pitch,
that I doe wonder that in London trades,
like Kit chinstuffe (what fashions haue you maides.

I know a trifling student three houres space,
continuing in what forme to make his shooe,
First he would haue it square, with a pinkt race,
then round, then streight, at length all would not doe,
at last he found a fashion pleasd him most,
but wanted money to defray the cost.

B

What



The Minte of deformities.

What must he doe? his wants must be supplied,
the ordinary shapes dislikt his minde,
Money he wanted, but what ere betide,
he must haue that with labor he did finde,
but at the last, when the best meanes were scand,
he brooke the shop, & for those shooes was hangd.

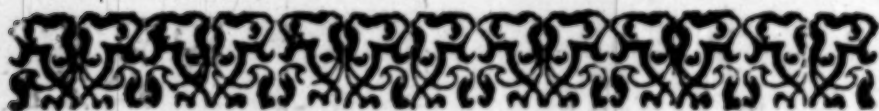
Tis strange to see the nature of our clime,
our fashion-mongers passe all other worlds,
The close-reseruing orders of strange times,
are in contempt all into England hurld,
that neither *Spaniard*, *Duch*, *Polonian*,
can be distinguisht from an Englishman.

Each Countrie keepses his natieue fashion,
same England, which doth reuell with them all,
No method in his attired function,
will make his pampered ioynts vnbestiall:
a strait *Polon* sleeue, large *Italian* scerting,
a *Spanish* belly close, and a *French* wing.

A right *Camelions*, no perfect *Iosephs* shape
what God made perfect, that they will amend,
There lewd opinions prisd at a higher rate,
then their owne goodnes, or good finisht ende,
inuenting trifles now keepe such a quioile,
what God made good, they making better spoile.

1177

Ba-



The Minte of deformities.

Babels new built, confusion rules the tounge,
their racked wits aspire to lothsome crimes,
Sodoms foundation is a fresh begunne,
to make our falls warnings to after times,
oh this inhumaine fault's propitious,
portending wracte vnto our weale and vs.

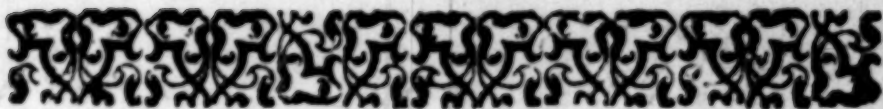
What doe these cutting futes portend but shame,
ensinges to bawdie rauerne-boulsteres,
The stayned mapp of a loose gouern'd name,
and swaggering crew of hatefull chaulers,
whose onely grace is blurd in periurie,
with mouthing othes to blase there infamie.

Skind superficialies of this crew is ripe,
and riper would be, but for Tiburns rod:
The saint they worship a Tobacco pipe,
and their bedawbed loosenes is their God,
yet let me giue this counsell to that ward,
that maister Tiburne capers very hard,

One snurts Tobacco as his nose were made,
a perfum'd Iakes for all scurrilities,
Another with his haire (as if a iayde,
had lost his tayle to feede his enormities,
hangs ore his shoulders with a fond deuise,
to make a warmer couert for the lice,

B ii.

An



The Minte of deformities.

An other slaue which long time hath beene chaine,
and got an eare-stamp for his filching trayde,
To clowde this shame, a Iewell must be hangd;
at the same hole the burning iron made,
who then dare call him rogue, who seemes to saue,
the vnderferued blisse of his mistis fauor.

If iewellings obscure such fowle disgrace,
and will eclipse the lawes due punishment,
Who will not leade this iolly swaggering race,
to be inthralld in the worlds blandishment,
but (gentle Roister) bridle your iolly scope,
or els the next degree will be a rope-

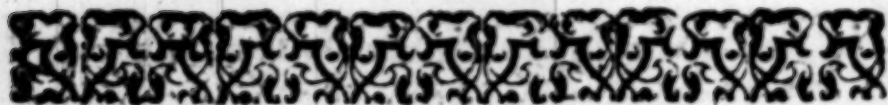
The next that marcheth in this cutting crewe,
noble *Dicke Swash*, with sworde and buckler othes,
He sweares the *Spaniards* his braue valure knew,
and sayes his terrifieng frights them most:
oh how he lies? for ile besworne that *Dicke*,
nere took a pray, vnlesse a hedging trick.

Oh infamie vnto a souldiers name,
oh scandall to our predecessing worth,
Thy death shall burie this disgrace and shame,
and rue thou shalt the houre of thy birth,
but (signior *Bragadino*) aduise you better,
a flitting collet is a plagueie debter.

na

id

Tut



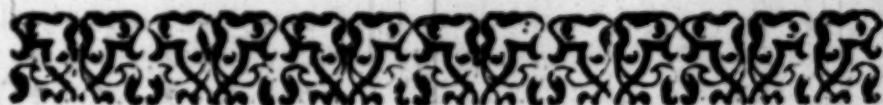
The Minte of deformities.

Tut he is well inough aduised of that,
if without companie he be alone,
He will not draw to hurt a man, thats flat:
what he a quarriker? tut heele saue one.
but if a tauerne crew together meete,
heele be the first to drawe, but last to feight.

Where hath he not beene where *Belona* swayes,
in the Low countries, there his name's known best,
In *Britanie* and *Gascoine* many dayes,
and gaynst the *Turkes* his seruice hath beene prest:
all these renowned countries did he skip,
when scarce he knowes the inside of a ship.

Yet will he roundly tell the honored names,
of the cheefe leaders, wher's their regiment,
Th:ir worthes eclipse his vndesiphered shames,
perfume his base thoughts to an ornament,
his victories are registerd in the booke,
whē I dare swear he knowes no enemies looke.

Then with his ruby-pumpeld-wine-fir'd snout,
a quaffing health must to his captayne flye:
He that denies the acceptance in the route,
his valure-hating poniard makes him dye,
their villanous attempts may well be sayd,
that Chaucleiring-murtherings growne a trayd.
Iudgement



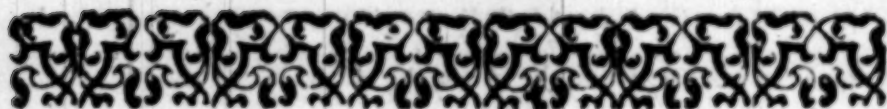
The Minte of deformities:

Iudgment they feare, God neuer comes in minde,
if iustice frowning-guerdon were not death,
Then good mens hauokes, their pursuing kinde,
would by their hating-goodnesse clip their breath,
and hell, rape crueltie, would beare such sway,
that good-reformed mindes should quite decay.

If that a man denie to quaffe his scoure,
or would leaue off before he be starke drunke,
Nay if he will not drinke so many houres,
after his braynlesse sence to sicknesse sunke:
then streight they vow mutuall coniunction,
he dyes a toe to a belching fraternion.

When grose pate chaplaines of deuouring sinne,
doe channel their lewd corps with scandold shame,
And steeles the broken issue of there skinne,
whose ouerweining loosenes racks his name,
then is he mad, and to this *Marshall* crewe,
will make coniunction with his Priestlike hew.

If any man will drinke till he be dead,
Lincolne black pots wil crie Amen to it,
A christian-seiming foe will make him sweate,
with Lees of drunken homiles scoures his wit,
whose text doth fume out of a smoking toast,
lining his belching craft in a good seimd boast.
But



The Minte of deformities.

But tis no maruell, when all trades are done,
the onely refuge is to be a priest,
When all prophaned vice, and murthers scumme,
maskt in those honored robes are counted blest,
But I would wish this Marshal keep his daughter
least that a wraying song procure his slaughter.

There was a certayne vnreformed straine,
And base corrupted-broking of a place,
Crept in the head of an unhallowed braine,
Where he securely might obscure his race:
ah *Nicholl, Nicholl*, that a quōistring roome,
should be subiected to a bloodie scumme,

But where Gould stamps, there vertue fals aboard,
he that out biddes, merites the highest scales,
Fieue trades will driue one back, (though nere so good)
and shag-rackt-wits though golden force preuailes,
fue places, when fue houses he doth master,
and to each one three, Scullion, Collier, Baker.

When he doth preach, not gainst, but on good ale,
whē he doth storme, not gainst, but on good soules,
He not against, but on precise doth rayle,
still his (against) is fixed on goodnesse moulds,
he enuies good, yet seemes not such a one,
this is a church-like epigramation.

He



The Minte of deformities.

He readeth much, and yet he cannot see,
he studies much, and yet he cannot speake,
He gayneth much, yet all by perjurie,
he sweareth much, but thats a fillie cheake:
he reads on Angell letters, studies euill,
his brocage gayne corrupts, swears like a diuell,

Many may aske who this damn'd slaue may be,
And may by great inquire finde his name,
Rather seeke vertue then impietie?
Seeke not too much, too soone comes lothsome shame
HANG-LET, this Mistrhall, hate his deformed
And thou expelst him, & in him the diuell (euill,

Let not the feind maske safe in *Samuels* robes,
Let not the pulpet-hater, and Gods woord,
Let no prophaner Gods sacred Temple robbe,
Let no bloodthirstie slaue with fury spurd,
to triumph ore the silly-cheated flocke,
by such an vntaught-dominiciring blocke.

Hees an Idolator indubitate,
for like a carued image nere remoues,
vnlesse a sutors goulden fees do prate,
a goulden eloquence is all he loues:
many good Angels doth he stand possesse,
and yet one deuill thinks his part is best.

Oh



The Minte of deformities.

Oh that a seruant (as he thinkes him selfe)
should for preferment) good-corruptings slaue)
Disgrace his maister for a litle pelfe,
dash of the blessed light, and darknes craue,
and though that God offer such gracious proffers,
he wayes them not, so he may fill his coffers.

He reads Gods word (yet thinkes there is no God)
he serues the diuell (as his vnknowne friend),
And though his priuate-lurching harts abode,
be fixed at home, on his sinne swallowing ende,
yet are his heauen-heaud eyes with such a grace
though God, & his own thoughts, forswere the place.

Looke to thy children, and reforme thy race,
the time yet serues, be not too obstinate,
Refrayne thy lewd pathes in this time of grace,
with true contrition: be not obdurate.
now is the sauing time to make thee blest,
and dye thou mayest a saint, who liued a beast.

If that a spleening minde, and storming race,
should countermure my furious swelling brayne,
And with a wounding ire bedawbe my face,
to make my pen depaint thy mischeiues vaine,
twould make thee swere in a reuenging fire,
whole do it as well, as any in Linconshire,

C

Oh



The Minte of deformities.

Oh that grosse pates whose reasons stamp in sinne,
should fether goodnes with vncurbed shame,
With vnresisted yeelding to let in,
the shamefull shew of a loose gouerned name,
this therefore shall remayne my last aduice,
loue faire incountred vertue, and hate vice.

Roome, roome, my maisters, for a lethern pelt,
tapster six pots? here *Tom*, hers three for thee,
Since thou hast challengd me, ile make my belt,
breake out her bounds ere we part company.
charge & discharge (for weele drink for the heauens,)
till one or both purchase the feeld vneuen.

A health to my mistris (downe on thy maribones)
oh prophand name common ineuery mouth,
Who would erect good phrases, when such ones
as Coblers, tapsters, waterbearers route,
who with their rotten-lisping-stumpes vnould,
what gentlemen for their due customes hould.

Each rustie sect of base artificers,
will rob their base hides with the brauest showe,
And pitch their pleasures seate as high, as theirs,
who triumph in the cost-fantastick hew:
for their presumptions this aledge they can,
when *Adam* digd who was a gentleman.

Poore



The Minte of deformities.

Poore-tankard-slaues? who think them selues as great,
whose prest-downe-backes continuall weight inures,
Whose grunting labor, for a peny sweats,
whose halfe houres toile one moment but indures.
yet do they in as sweete contentment rest,
and spend and drinke Tobacco with the best.

Let a new fashion once come starting in,
they with an open sent deuoure the pray,
Their ragged ioynts though freese, whose open skinne,
feeles no could-icy stormes in winters dayes,
they retchlesse stand so they may haue ther swaie,
though their benumbed corps with could decay.

The lasid Lord with a base deenerate shifte,
to paint his carcasse racks his tenants rent,
Sinke in their downfall, (so he get a lift)
he wayes not their vndoing languishment,
their backs be gaye, their minds though lothsome be,
silke robes dismember hospitalitie.

A lasse who nameth hospitalitie,
hees banisht for returning to our clime,
When hospital's scorne destinde penurie,
and egent cripples swagger with the time,
this world's faire-countred vice is so alowd,
base beggers lustie, stearne contrawlers prowd.

C ii.

Now



The Minte of deformities.

Now lustfull youth with a bard swelting crye,
pursues his eager-burning-fire of lust,
Fostring his held fast clogge of crueltie,
to gayne a remnant-limit, which he must,
needs circumuent, for who so ere denies,
his wrath will butcher, parents or dearest allies

If that his minde stand to a lothsome soule,
whose dowrie's but an ounce of durtines,
His bale-ingendred minde without comptrowle,
must shrowd impression of his beastlines.
or els grace-hating vice will clip him shorte,
intoumbing sage aduice, which should dehort,

When shallow purchase of a broken stile,
shall shipp a shifting name to worthines,
Whose sensuall mischeites rubisht with a file,
of fond-vaine glorie, hides his scuruines,
what must this sensuall affectation yeeld,
when vertue hateth shame, shame wins the field.

What hath he got, a Moore, his mind's content,
what hath he wonne, a whore, his humor's pleased,
What hath he lost, his parents, twas his consent,
whome did he hate, his friends, his hart is eased,
let his deep-swallowing sins think of this cheare,
doomes day will come, & then his woes appeare.

Our

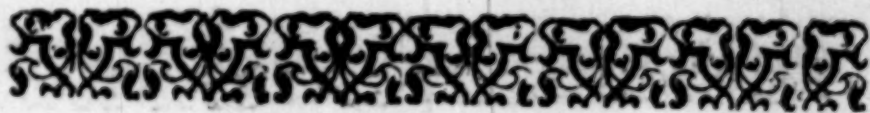


The Minte of deformities.

Our youthfull mindes, is like a poysoned glasse,
which being broken by some casuall meanes,
A stander by (which fayne would bring to passe
reiunction of the losse: those poysoned streames,
impartiall eyther to his foe or friend,
wil woork his fenceles baine which sought améd.

Let vs beware least that our customd sinne,
which the true gospels long hath couered,
Be not crept, and our shame beginne.
to staine our mindes, (which long hath houered)
and Gods iust frowne on our lewd corps be seene
taking the gospel, and our gracious Queene.

FINIS.





To the woorshipfull my very lo-
ving Cosen M. Thomas Rickarde of Hatfield-chase,
in Yorkeshire.

GOod cosen, not any desert of mine owne woorth,
but hoping to be countenanced by your woor-
thines, maketh me thus bould to relye on your accep-
tance of this idle woorke, compounded (as the French
nod) of sundry fashions, a thing (which if it proue plea-
sing to you in the least respect) I shall thinke it valua-
ble to my cost and labour : I doe not doubt but as al-
wayes you haue looued me, so you will not now re-
iect this instance of my zealous affection which I haue
had from my cradle to gratifie you, protesting (if you
wil bouldster me in this) neuer to step so farre into the
presse agayne, and thus withall respectiue ceremonies
I take my leaue.

Your louing Cosen
C. G. Gent.



To the fauorable readers.

Gentlemen) I do not immitate the new start up fash-
ion of writings in these dayes, who so obscurely will be-
ginne, and so duskely end, as it will both straine their
owne conceits, & the perusers knowledge, for a man to write
that which none shall conceiue but himselfe, is to make a labo-
rinth to catch euery idle brayne in: that which I doe, I doe to
please, which must be by vnderstanding: I do not seeke to
take flies, but to remoue fleas, which as I would not trouble my
selfe with the one, so I would willingly reduce the other. Our
countries good, the vnsit education of base mindes, the arro-
gancie of Peasants, the pride of paynters, (like Don Hilto-
nio knaue of the Trenitie) prouoke my unpolish stumbling
pen, to exasperate the vndecentnesse of their nurture, and
vnfitnesse of my owne nature. If any scorne my labour, be doth
me no wrong, because I looked for no other, yet I hope true
gentles, will gently conceiue some better hope of better fruite
from so vnripened a blossome, my industrie and toyle with my
self, I humbly subiect to euery mans censure, craving none to be
earnest to know him, who will not acknowledge them, or
hardly himselfe.

